THE
Famous History
OF
FRIER BACON.

Containing the wonderful things that he did in his Life; Alſo the manner of his Death, with the Lives and Deaths of the two Conjurers *Bungey* and *Vandermaſt*.

Very pleaſant and delightful to be read.

Bliidſchap doet, het leben verlangben.

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Of the Parents and Birth of *Frier Bacon*, and how he addicted himſelf to Learning.

HE was born by moſt mens opinions in the Weſt part of England, and was Son to a wealthy Farmer, who put him to School to the Parſon of the Town where he was born; not with intent that he ſhould turn Frier (as he did) but to get ſo much underſtanding that he might manage the better that Wealth he was to leave him. But young

Bacon took his learning so fast, that the Priest could not teach him any more, which made him desire his Master that he would speak to Father to put him to Oxford, that he might not lose that little learning that he had gained, his Master was very willing so to do, and one day meeting his Father, told him, that he had received a great blessing of God, in that he had given him so wise and hopeful a Child, as his Son Roger Bacon was (for so was he named) and wished him withal to do his duty, and so to bring up his Child, that he might shew his thankfulness to God, which could not better be done than in making him a Scholar, for he found by his sudden taking of his learning, that he was a Child likely to prove a very great Clerk: Hereat old Bacon was not well pleased (for he desired to bring him up to Plough and to the Cart, as he himself was brought) yet he for reverence sake to the Priest, shewed not his anger, but kindly thanked him for his pains, and counsel, yet desiring him not to speak any more concerning that matter: For he knew best what pleased himself, and that he would not do; so brake they off their talk and parted.

So soon as the old man came home, he called to his Son for his Books, which when he had, he locked them up, and gave the Boy a Cart-whip in the place of them, saying to him: Boy, I will have you no Priest, you shall not be better learned than I: You can tell how by the Almanack when it is best sowing Wheat, when Barley, Pease and Beans: and when the best Libbing is, when to sell Grain and Cattle I will teach thee: for I have all Fairs and Markets as perfect in my memory, as Sir John our Priest has Mass without book: Take me this whip, I will teach thee the use of it, it will be more profitable to thee than this harsh Latine; Make no reply, but follow my counsel, or else by the Masse thou shalt feel the smart hand of my anger. Young Bacon thought this but hard dealing, yet would he not reply, but within six or eight days he gave his Father

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the ſhip, and went to a Cloyſter ſome twenty miles off where he was entertained, and ſo continued his learning, and in ſmall time came to be ſo famous, that he was ſent for to the Univerſity of Oxford, where he long time ſtudied, and grew ſo excellent in the ſecrets of Art and Nature, that not England only, but all Chriſtendom admired him.

How the King ſent for Frier *Bacon*, and of the wonderful things that he ſhewed the King and Queen.

The King being in Oxfordſhire at a Noblemans houſe was very deſirous to ſee this famous Frier, for he had heard many times of the wondrous things that he had done by his Art: Therefore he ſent one for him to deſire him to come to Court. Frier Bacon kindly thanked the King by the Meſſenger, and ſaid that he was at the Kings ſervice, and would ſuddenly attend him: But Sir, ſaith he (to the Gentleman) I pray make you haſte, or elſe I ſhall be two hours before you at the Court, For all your learning (anſwered the Gentleman) I can hardly believe this, for Scholars, Old men, and Travellers, may lie by authority. To ſtrengthen your belief (ſaid Frier Bacon) I could preſently ſhew you the laſt Wench that you lay withal, but I will not at this time. One is as true as the other, (ſaid the Gentleman) and I would laugh to ſee either. You ſhall ſee them both within theſe four hours, (quoth the Frier) and therefore make what haſte you can. I will prevent that by my ſpeed (ſaid the Gentleman) and with that rode his way; but he rode out of his way, as it ſhould ſeem; for he had but five miles to ride, and yet he was better than three hours a riding them, ſo that Frier Bacon by his Art was with the King before he came.

The King kindly welcomed him, and ſaid that he long

long time had desired to see him: for he had as yet not heard of his life. Frier Bacon answered him, that fame had belied him, and given him that report that his poor studies had never deserved, for he believed that Art had many Sons more excellent than himself was. The King commended him for his modesty, and told him, that nothing did become a wise man less than boasting: But yet withall he requested him now to be no niggard of his knowledge, but to shew his Queen and him some of his skill. I were worthy of neither Art nor knowledge (quoth Frier Bacon) should I deny your Majesty this small request: I pray seat your selves and you shall see presently what my poor skill can perform: The King, Queen, and Nobles sate them all down. They having so done, the Frier waving his wand, and presently was heard such excellent Musick that they were all amazed, for they all said they had never heard the like. This is, said the Frier, to delight the sense of hearing. I will delight all your other senses ere you depart hence; so waving his wand again, there was lowder musick heard, and presently five Dancers entred, the first like a Court-Landress, the second like a Footman, the third like a Usurer, the fourth like a Prodigal, the fifth like a Fool: These did divers excellent changes, so that they gave content to all the beholders, and having done their Dance, they all banished away in their order as they came in. Thus feasted he two of their senses. Then waved he his wand again, and there was another kind of musick heard, and whilest it was a playing there was suddenly before them a Table richly covered with all sorts of delicates: Then desired he the King and Queen to taste of some certain rare fruits that were on the Table, which they and the Nobles there present did, and were very highly pleased with the taste: they being satisfied, all banished away on the sudden: Then waved he his wand again, and suddenly there was such a smell, as if all the rich perfumes in the whole world had been there prepared in the best manner that Art

could

could set them out: whilest he seasted thus their smelling, he waved his wand again, and there came divers Nations in sundry habits (as Russians, and Polanders, Indians, Armenians) all bringing sundry kinds of Furrs, such as their Countries yielded: all which they presented to the King and Queen: these Furrs were so soft in the touch that they highly pleased all those that handled them; then after some odd fantastick Dances (after their Countrey manner) they banished away: Then asked Fryer Bacon the Kings Majesty, if that he desired any more of his skill? The King answered that he was fully satisfied for that time, and that he only now thought of something that he might bestow on him, that might partly satisfie the kindness that he had received. Frier Bacon said, that he desired nothing so much as his Majesties love, and if that he might be assured of that, he would think himself happy in it: for that (said the King) be thou ever sure of, in token of which receive this Jewel, and withall gave him a costly Jewel from his neck. The Frier did with great reverence thank his Majesty, and said, as your Majesties vassal you shall ever find me ready to do you service, your time of need shall find it both beneficial and delightful. But amongst all these Gentlemen I see not the man that your Grace did send for me by, sure he hath lost his way, or else met with some sport that detains him so long. I promised to be here before him, and all this noble assembly can witness I am as good as my word: I hear him coming: with that entred the Gentleman all be dirted, (for he had rid through ditches, quagmires, plashes, and waters, for he was in a most pitiful case) he seeing the Frier there, looked full angerly, and bid a pox on all his Devils for they had led him out of his way, and almost drowned him. Be not angry, Sir, (said Frier Bacon) here is an old friend of yours that hath more cause: for she hath tarried these three hours for you (with that he pulled up the Hangings, and behind them stood a

Kitchen-Maid with a basting ladle in her hand:) now am I as good as my word with you, for I promised you to help you to your sweet-heart, how do you like this? So ill, answered the Gentleman, that I will be revenged of you. Threaten not (said Frier Bacon) least I do you more shame, and do you take heed how you give Scholers the lie again: but because I know not how well you are stored with money at this time, I will bear your Wenches charges home; with that she banished away: The King, Queen, and all the company laughed to see with what shame this Gentleman endured the sight of his greasie sweet-heart; but the Gentleman went away discontented. This done, Frier Bacon took his leave of the King and Queen, and received from them divers gifts (as well as thanks) for his art he shewed them.

How Frier *Bacon* deceived his man, that would fast for his conscience sake.

FRier Bacon had one onely man to attend on him, and he too was none of the wisest, for he kept him in Charity, more than for any service he had of him. This man of his, named Miles, never could endure to fast as other religious persons did, for always he had in one corner or other, flesh which he would eat when his Master eat bread only, or else did fast and abstain from all things. Frier Bacon seeing this, thought at one time or other to be even with him, which he did on Friday in this manner: Miles on the Thursday night had provided a great black-pudding for his Fridays fast: That Pudding put he in his pocket (thinking belike to heat it so, for his Master had no fire in those days:) on the next day, who was so demure as Miles, he looked as though he would not have eat any thing; when his Master

Master offered him some bread, he refused it, saying, his sins deserved a greater penance than one days fast in a whole week: his Master commended him for it, and bid him take heed that he did not dissemble, for if he did it would at last be known: Then were I worse than a Turk, said Miles: so went he forth, as if he would have gone to pray privately, but it was for nothing but to prey privily upon his black pudding: that pulled he out, for it was half roasted with the heat of his bum, and fell to it lustily, but he was deceived, for having put one end in his mouth he could neither get it out again, nor bite it off, so that he stamped out for help, his Master hearing him, came, and finding him in that manner, took hold of the other end of the pudding and led him to the Hall, and shewed him to all the Scholars, saying; See here my good friends and fellow students, what a debout man my servant Miles is, he loved not to break a fast day, witness this pudding that his Conscience will not let him swallow: I will have him to be an example for you all, then tied he him to a window by the end of the pudding, where poor Miles stood like a Bare tied by the nose to a stake, and indured many flouts and mocks: at night his Master released him from his penance; Miles was glad of it, and did vow never to break more Fast-days whilst that he lived.

How Frier *Bacon* saved a Gentleman that had given himself to the Devil.

IN Oxfordshire there lived a Gentleman, that had through his riotous expences wasted a fair Inheritance that was left him by his Father: After which he grew so poor, that he had not wherewith to buy himself so much bread as would maintain his miserable life: the memory of his former state that he had lived

in; and the present want that he now sustained, made him to grow desperate and regardless both of his soul and bodies estate: which gave the Devil occasion to work upon his wickedness in this manner following.

On a time, he being all alone full of grief and care, (grief for his follies past, and care how to get a poor living for the remainder of his days) the Devil came unto him, and asked him what he wanted (he came not in a shape terrible, but like an old penny father. This Gentleman was amazed at the sudden presence, but hearing him demand of his wants, he took to him courage and said: I want all things, I want money to buy me apparel, money to buy me meat, money to redeem my Land, and money to pay my debts: Can or will you help me in this misery? I will, answered the Devil, on some conditions, help you to money to supply all these wants, and that suddenly. On any conditions, said the Gentleman, help me, and I swear to perform them: I take no Oaths (answered the Devil) I must have Bonds: if you will do so, meet me by the Woods side to morrow morning, and there I will have the money ready, I will, said the Gentlemen (for he poor man was glad of it on any conditions, as he said before.) The next day he went to the Wood, where the Devil had promised to meet him: long had he not been there, but he beheld the Devil coming, and after him two two other like Serbingmen, with bags of money: this rejoyced the poor Gentlemans heart to think that he should once again live like a man. The Devil coming to him said: Son, I will perform my promise unto you if you will seal to the conditions that I have here already drawn: willing said the Gentleman, I will, I pray read them. The Devil read them to this effect: that he lent him so much money as he should have need of, to be imployed to these uses following: First to redeem his morgaged Land; next to pay his debts; lastly to buy him such necessaries as he wanted;

wanted; to be lent on this condition, That so soon as he had paid all his debts that he should be at the Lenders disposing, and without any delay freely to yield himself to him upon the first demand of the aforesaid Lender. To this the Gentleman sealed, and had the money carried to his chamber, with which money he in short time redeemed his land, and bought such things as he needed, and likewise paid all his debts so that there was not any man could ask him one penny.

Thus lived this Gentleman once again in great credit, and grew so great a husband that he encreased his estate, and was richer than ever his Father before him was: but long did not this joy of his continue, for one day he being in his Study, the Devil appeared unto him, and did tell him, that now his Land was redeemed, and his debts paid, and therefore his time was come that he must yield himself to his mercy, as he was bound by Bond. This troubled the Gentleman to hear, but more to think how he must become a slave to a stranger that he did not know, (for he knew not as yet that he was the Devil) but being urged to answer for himself, by the Devil, he said he had not as yet paid all his debts, and therefore as yet he was not liable to the Bonds strait Conditions. At this the Devil seemed angry, and with a fearful noise transformed himself to an ugly shape, saying, Alas poor wretch, these are poor excuses that thou framest, I know them all to be false, and so will prove them to thy face to morrow morning, till then I leave thee to despair. So with a great noise he went his way, leaving the Gentleman half dead with fear.

When he was gone, the Gentleman reviving, bethought himself in what a miserable estate he was now in, then wished he that he had lived and died poorly, then cursed he all his ambitious thoughts that led him first to desire again that wealth which he had so vainly by his riot lost; then would he curse his prodigal expences,

that were the original of all his misery: thus was he tormented a long time in his mind, at last he fully resolved to end his wretched life by some violent death, and to that end he went forth, thinking to kill himself, which he had done, had it not been for the Frier, for as he was falling upon his sword, Frier Bacon came by and called to him to hold, which he did. Frier Bacon demanded of him the cause why he was so desperate that he would run headlong to hell: O sir, said he, the cause is great, and the relation is so terrible to me, that I would intreat you not to trouble me any more, but to leave me to my own will: this answer filled the Frier with amazement and pity both at once, which made him to urge him in this manner. Sir, should I leave you to this wilful damnation I were unfit ever hereafter to wear or touch any robe that belongeth to the holy Order, whereof I am a Brother: you know (doubt not) that there is given power to the Church to absolve penitent sinners, let not your wilfulness take away from you that benefit which you may receive by it; freely confess your self (I pray you) unto me, and doubt not but I shall give your troubled conscience ease; Father (said the Gentleman) I know all that you have spoken is truth, and I have many times received comfort from the Mother Church, (I dare not say Our, for I fear me she will never receive me for a Child) I have no part in her benediction; yet since you request so earnestly the cause, I will tell you, hear it and tremble. Know then, that I have given my self to the Devil for a little wealth, and he to morrow in this Wood must have me; now have you my grief, but I know not how to get comfort.

This is strange (quoth Frier Bacon) yet be of good comfort, penitential tears may do much, which see you do not spare; soon I will visit you at your house and give you that comfort (I hope) that will beget you again to goodness: the Gentleman with these words was somewhat comforted, and returned home. At night Frier

Bacon

Bacon came to him, and found him full of tears for his heinous offences, for these tears he gave him hope of pardon, demanding further what conditions he had made with the Devil: the Gentleman told him, how that he had promised himself to him as soon as he had paid all his debts, which now he had done, for he owed not one penny to any man living. Well, said Frier Bacon, continue thy sorrow for thy sins, and to morrow meet him without fear, and be thou content to stand to the next mans judgment that shall come that way, whether thou dost belong to the Devil or no: fear not, but do so, and be thou assured that I will be he that shall come by, and will give such judgment on thy side, that thou shalt be free from him; with that Frier Bacon went home, and the Gentleman went to his prayers.

In the morning the Gentleman (after that he had blessed himself) went to the Wood, where he found the Devil ready for him; so soon as he came neer, the Devil said, Now deceiver are you come? now shalt thou see that I can and will prove that thou hast paid all thy debts, and therefore thy soul belongeth to me. Thou art a deceiver (said the Gentleman) and gavest me money to cheat me of my soul, for else why wilt thou be thy own judge: let me have some other to judge between us: Content, (said the Devil) take whom thou wilt: then I will have, said the Gentleman, the next man that cometh this way; hereto the Devil agreed. No sooner were these words ended, but Frier Bacon came by, to whom the Gentleman spake, and requested, that he would be judge to a weighty matter between them two; the Frier said he was content, so both paries were agreed; the Devil said they were, and told Frier Bacon how the case stood between them in this manner.

Know Frier, that I seeing this Prodigal like to starve for want of food, lent him money not only to buy him victuals, but also to redeem his lands and pay his debts, conditionally, that so soon as his debts were paid, that he

he should give himself freely to me; to this here is his Bond (shewing him the Bond) now my time is expired, for all his debts are paid, which he cannot deny. This case is plain, if it be so that his debts are paid: his silence confirms it, said the Devil, therefore give him a just sentence. I will (said Frier Bacon.) But first tell me (speaking to the Gentleman) didst thou never yet give the Devil any of his money back, nor requite him any ways? never had he any thing of me as yet (answered the Gentleman) then never let him have any thing of thee and thou art free: Deceiver of mankind, said he (speaking to the Devil) it was thy bargain, never to meddle with him so long as he was indebted to any; now how canst thou demand of him any thing, when he is indebted for all that he hath to thee? when he payeth thee thy mony then take him as thy due, till then thou hast nothing to do with him: and so I charge thee to be gone. At this the Devil banished with great horror: but Frier Bacon comforted the Gentleman, and sent him home with a quiet conscience, bidding him never to pay the Devils money back as he tendred his own safety: which he promised for to observe.

How Frier *Bacon* made a Brasen Head to speak, by the which he would have walled *England* about with Brass.

FRier Bacon reading one day of the many conquests of England, bethought himself how he might keep it hereafter from the like conquests, and so make himself famous hereafter to all posterities. This (after great study) he found could be no way so well done as one, which was to make a Head of Brass, and if he could make this Head to speak (and hear when it speaks) then might he be able to wall England about with Brass. To this purpose he got one Frier Bungey to assist him, who was a great Scholar and a Magician, (but

(but not to compare to Frier Bacon :) these two with great study and pains so framed a head of Brass that in the inward parts thereof there was all things like as in a natural mans head: this being done they were as far from perfection of the work as they were before, for they knew not how to give these parts that they had made, motion, without which it was impossible that it should speak ; many books they read, but yet could not find any hope of what they sought, that at the last they concluded to raise a spirit, and to know of him that which they could not attain to by their own studies. To do this they prepared all things ready, and went one evening to a Wood thereby, and after many ceremonies used, they spake the words of Conjuration, which the Devil straight obeyed and appeared unto them, asking what they would? Know, said Frier Bacon, that we have made an artificial head of Brass, which we would have to speak, to the furtherance of which we have raised thee, and being raised, we will here keep thee, unless thou tell us the way and manner how to make this head to speak. The Devil told him, that he had not that power of himself. Beginner of lies (said Frier Bacon) I know that thou dost dissemble, and therefore tell it us quickly, or else we will here bind thee, to remain during our pleasures. At these threatnings the Devil consented to do it, and told them, that with a continual fume of the fifty hottest simples it should have motion, and in one months space speak, the time of the month or day he knew not, also he told them, that if they heard it not before it had done speaking, all their labour should be lost: they being satisfied, licensed the spirit for to depart.

Then went these two learned Friers home again, and prepared the Simples ready, and made the fume, and with continual watching attended when the Brazen head would speak: Thus watched they for three Weeks without any rest, so that they were so weary

and ſleepy, that they could not any longer retain from reſt; Then called Frier Bacon his man Miles, and told him, that it was not unknown to him what pains Frier Bungey and himſelf had taken for three weeks ſpace, onely to make and to hear the braſen head ſpeak, which if they did not, then had they loſt all their labour, and all England had a great loſs thereby: therefore he intreated Miles that he would watch whilſt that they ſlept, and call them if the head ſpeak. Fear not, good Maſter (ſaid Miles) I will not ſleep, but hearken and attend upon the head, and if it chance to ſpeak, I will call you, therefore I pray take you both your reſts, and let me alone for watching this head: After Frier Bacon had given him a great charge: The ſecond time Frier Bungey and he went to ſleep, and left Miles alone to watch the braſen-head; Miles, to keep him from ſleeping, got a Taber and Pipe, and being merry diſpoſed, ſung this Song to a Northern tune of

Cam'ſt thou not from New-Caſtle.

To couple is a cuſtom,
all things thereto agree:
Why ſhould not I then love?
ſince love to all is free.

But I'll have one that's pretty,
her cheeks of Scarlet dye,
For to breed my delight,
when that I ligg her by.

Though vertue be a Dowry,
yet I chuſe money ſtore:
If my Love prove untrue,
with that I can get more.

The fair is often unconſtant,
the black is often proud,

I'll chuſe a lovely brown,
come Fidler ſcrape the crowd.

Come Fidler ſcrape the crowd,
for *Peggy* the brown is ſhe,
Muſt be my Bride, God guide
that *Peggy* and I agree.

With his own muſick, and ſuch ſongs as theſe ſpent he his time, and kept himſelf from ſleeping, at laſt, after ſome noiſe the head ſpake theſe two words, Time is, Miles hearing it to ſpeak no more, thought his Maſter would be angry if he waked him for that, and therefore he let them both ſleep, and began to mock the head in this manner. Thou Brazen-faced head, hath my Maſter took all this pains about thee, and now doſt thou requite him with two words? Time is: had he watched with a Lawyer ſo long as he hath watched with thee, he would have given him more and better words than thou haſt yet; if thou canſt ſpeak no wiſer, they ſhall ſleep till dooms day for me: Time is, I know Time is, and that you ſhall hear, goodman Brazen-face.

To the tune of Dainty come thou to me.

Time is for ſome to plant,
Time is for ſome to ſow;
Time is for ſome to graft
The horn as ſome do know.

Time is for ſome to eat,
Time is for ſome to ſleep,
Time is for ſome to laugh,
Time is for ſome to weep.

Time is for ſome to ſing,
Time is for ſome to pray,

Time is for some to creep,
That have drunk all the day.

Time is to cart a Bawd,
Time is to whip a Whore,
Time is to hang a Thief,
And Time is for much more.

Do you tell us, Copper-nose, when Time is? I hope we Scholars know our Times, when to drink, when to kiss our Hostess, when to go on her score, and when to pay it, that time comes seldom. After half an hour had passed: the head did speak again two words, which were these: Time was. Miles respected these words as little as he did the former, and would not wake them, but still scoffed at the brazen head, that it had learned no bettter words, and had such a Tutor as his Master: and in scorn of it sung this Song.

To the Tune of a rich Merchant-man.

Time was when thou a Kettle
wert fill'd with better matter,
But Frier *Bacon* did thee spoil,
when he thy sides did batter.

Time was when conscience dwelled
with men of occupation:
Time was when Lawyers did not thrive
so well by mens vexation.

Time was when Kings and Beggers
of one poor stuff had being:
Time was when Office kept no knaves,
that time it was worth seeing.

Time was a bowl of water
did give the face reflexion:

Time was when women knew no paint
which now they call complexion.

Time was: I know that Brazen-face, without your telling, I know that Time was, and I know what things there was when time was, and if you speak no wiser, no Master shall be waked of me. Thus Miles talked and sung till another half hour was gone, then this Brazen Head spake again these words, Time is past, and therewith fell down, and presently followed a terrible noise, with strange flashes of fire, so that Miles was half dead with fear: At this noise the two Friers awaked, and wondered to see the whole room so full of smoke, but that being banished they might perceive the Brazen Head broke, and lying on the ground: at this sight they grieved, and called Miles to know how this came. Miles, half dead with fear, said, that it fell down of it self, and that with the noise and fire that followed, he was almost frighted out of his wits: Frier Bacon asked him if he did not hear it speak? yes (quoth Miles) it spake, but to no purpose, I'll have a Parret speak better in that time that you have been teaching this Brazen Head. Out on thee Villain (said Frier Bacon) thou hast undone us both, hadst thou but called us when it did speak, all England had been walled about with Brass, to its glory and our eternal fames: what were the words it spake? very few (said Miles) and those were none of the wisest that I have heard neither: first he said Time is. Hadst thou called us then (said Frier Bacon) we had been made for ever: then (said Miles) half an hour after it spake again, and said Time was. And wouldst thou not call us then (said Bungey)? Alas (said Miles) I thought it would have told me some long Tale, and then I purposed to have called you: Then half an hour after he cryed Time is past, and made such a noise, that he hath waked you himself methinks. At this Frier Bacon was in such a rage, that he would

have beaten his man, but he was restrained by Bungey: but nevertheless for his punishment he with his Art struck him dumb for one whole months space. Thus this great work of these learned Friers was overthrown (to their great griefs) by this simple fellow.

How Frier *Bacon* by his Art took a Town, when the King had lain before it three Months, without doing to it any hurt.

IN those times when Frier Bacon did all his strange tricks, the King of England had a great part of France, which they held a long time, till civil wars at home in this Land made them to lose it: It did chance that the King of England (for some cause best known to himself) went into France with a great Army, where after many victories he did besiege a strong Town, and lay before it full three moneths, without doing to the Town any great damage, but rather received the hurt himself. This did so vex the King, that he sought to take it in any way either by policy or strength: To this intent he made Proclamation, that whosoever could deliver this Town into his hand, he should have for his pains ten thousand Crowns truly paid. This was proclaimed, but there was none found that would undertake it: at length the news did come into England of this great reward that was promised. Frier Bacon hearing of it went into France, and being admitted to the Kings presence, he thus spake unto him: Your Majesty I am sure hath not quite forgot your poor Subject Bacon, the love that you shewed to me being last in your presence, hath drawn me for to leave my Countrey and my Studies, to do your Majesty Service: I beseech your Grace to command me so far as my poor Art or Life may do you pleasure: The King thanked him for his love, but told him, that he

he had now more need of Arms than Art, and wanted brave Souldiers more than learned Scholars. Frier Bacon answered, Your Grace saith well: But let me (under correction) tell you that Art oftentimes doth those things that are impossible to Arms, which I will make good in some few examples. I will speak onely of things performed by Art and Nature, wherein shall be nothing Magical: and first by the figuration of Art, there may be made Instruments of Navigation without men to row in them, as great ships to brook the Sea, only with one man to steer them, and they shall sail far more swiftly than if they were full of men: also Chariots that shall move with an unspeakable force, without any living Creature to stir them. Likewise an instrument may be made to flie withall, if one sit in the midst of the Instrument, and do turn an Engine, by which the wings being Artificially composed, may beat air after the manner of a flying bird. By an Instrument of three fingers high, and three fingers broad, a man may rid himself and others from all Imprisonment: yea, such an Instrument may easily be made, whereby a man may violently draw unto him a thousand men, will they, nill they, or any other thing. By art also an Instrument may be made, whereby men may walk in the bottom of the Sea or Rivers without bodily danger: this Alexander the Great used (as the Ethnick Philosopher reporteth) to the end he might behold the secret of the Seas. But Physical figurations are far more strange: for by that may be framed Perspects and Looking-glasses, that one thing shall appear to be many, as one man shall appear to be a whole Army, and one Sun or Moon shall seem divers. Also Perspects may be so framed that things afar off shall seem most nigh unto us; With one of these did Julius Cæsar from the Sea coasts in France, mark and observe the situation of the Castles in England. Bodies may also be so framed that the greatest things shall appear to be the least, the

highest

highest lowest, the most secret to be most manifest, and in such like sort the contrary. Thus did Socrates perceibe, that the Dragon which did destroy the City and Countrey adjoining with his noisome breath, and contagious influence, did lurk in the dens between the Mountains: and thus may all things that are done in Cities or Armies be seen by the enemies.

Again, in such wise many bodies be found, that venemous and infectious influence may be brought whither he will: In this did Aristotle instruct Alexander, through which instruction the poyson of a Basilisk, being left upon the wall of a City, the poyson was conveyed into the City, to the destruction thereof. Also perspects may be made to deceibe the sight, as to make a man beliebe that he seeth great store of riches, when that there is not any. But it appertains to a higher power of Figuration, that beams should be brought and assembled by divers flections and reflections in any distance that we will, to burn any thing that is oppostte unto it, as it is witnessed by those Perspects or Glasses that burn before and behind: but the greatest and chiefest of all Figurations and things figured, is to describe the Heabenly bodies, according to their length and breadth in a corporal Figure, wherein they may corporally move with a daily motion. These things are worth a Kingdom to a wise man: These may suffice, my royal Lords, to shew what Art can do: and these with many things more as strange, I am able by Art to perform. Then take no thought for winning this Town, for by my Art you shall (ere many days be past) have your desire.

The King all this while heard him with admiration: but hearing him now, that he would undertake to win the Town, he burst out into these speeches: Most learned Bacon, do but what thou hast said, and I will give thee what thou most desirest, either wealth or honour chuse which thou wilt, and I will be as ready to perform

perform, as I have been to promise.

Your Majesties love is all that I seek (said the Frier) let me have that and I have honour enough; for wealth, I have content, the wise should seek no more: But to the purpose. Let your Pyoners raise up a Mount so high (or rather higher) than the wall, and then shall you see some probability of that which I have promised.

This Mount in two days was raised: then Frier Bacon went with the King to the top of it, and did with a perspect shew to him the Town, as plainly as if he had been in it: At this the King did wonder, but Frier Bacon told him, that he should wonder more ere next day noon; against which time he desired him to have his whole Army in a readiness for to scale the wall upon a signal given by him from the Mount. This the King promised to do, and returned to his Tent full of joy, that he should gain this strong Town. In the morning Frier Bacon went up to the Mount and set his Glasses, and other Instruments up: In the mean time the King ordered his Army, and stood in a readiness for to give the assault: When the signal was given which was the waving of a Flag, ere nine of the clock Frier Bacon had burnt the State-house in the Town, with other houses, onely by the Mathematical Glasses, which made the whole Town in an uproar, for none did know how it came: whiles that they were quenching the same, Frier Bacon did wave his Flag: upon which signal given, the King set upon the Town, and took it with little or no resistance. Thus through the Art of this learned man the King got this strong Town, which he could not do with all his men without Frier Bacon's help.

How Frier *Bacon* overcame the German Conjurer *Vandermaſt*, and made a Spirit of his own carry him into *Germany*.

THe King of England after he had taken in the Town, ſhewing great mercy to the Inhabitants, giving ſome of them their lives freely, and others he ſet at liberty for their Gold: the Town he kept as his own, and ſwore the chief Citizens to be his true Subjects. Preſently after, the King of France ſent an Ambaſſadour to the King of England, for to treat of a peace between them. This Ambaſſadour being come to the King, he feaſted him (as it is the manner of Princes to do) and with the beſt ſports as he had then, welcomed him. The Ambaſſadour ſeeing the King of England ſo free in his Love, deſired likewiſe to give him ſome taſte of his good liking, and to that intent ſent for one of his followers (being a German, and named Vandermaſt) a famous Conjurer, who being come he told the King that ſince his Grace had been ſo bountiful in his love to him, he would ſhew him (by a ſervant of his) ſuch wonderful things as his Grace had never ſeen the like before. The King demanded of him of what nature thoſe things were that he would do; the Ambaſſadour anſwered that they were things done by the Art of Magick, the King hearing of this, ſent ſtreight for Frier Bacon, who preſently came, and brought Frier Bungey with him.

When the Banquet was done, Vandermaſt did ask the King, if he deſired to ſee the Spirit of any man deceaſed: and if he did, he would raiſe him in ſuch manner and faſhion as he was in when that he lived, the King told him, that above all men he deſired to ſee Pompey the Great, who would abide no equal. Vandermaſt by his Art raiſed him, armed in ſuch manner as he was

was when he was slain at the battle of Pharsalia: At this they were all highly contented. Frier Bacon presently raised the ghost of Julius Cæsar, who would abide no Superiour, and had slain this Pompey at the battle of Pharsalia: At the sight of him they were all amazed, but the King, who sent for Bacon; and Vandermast said there was some man of Art in that presence, whom he desired to see. Frier Bacon then shewed himself, saying; It was I, Vandermast, that raised Cæsar, partly to give content to the royal presence, but chiefly for to conquer thy Pompey, as he did once before at that great battle of Pharsalia, which he now again shall do. Then presently began a fight between Cæsar and Pompey, which continued a good space, to the content of all, except Vandermast. At last Pompey was overcome and slain by Cæsar: then banished they both away.

My Lord Ambassadour (said the King) methinks that my Englishman hath put down your German: hath he no better cunning than this? Yes, answered Vandermast, your Grace shall see me put down your Englishman, ere that you go from hence: and therefore Frier prepare thy self with the best of Art to withstand me. Alas, said Frier Bacon, it is a little thing will serve to resist thee in this kind. I have here one that is my inferiour (shewing him Frier Bungey) try thy Art with him: and if thou do put him to the worst, then will I deal with thee, and not till then.

Frier Bungey then began to shew his Art: and after some turning and looking on his Book he brought up among them the Hesperian Tree, which did bear golden Apples: These Apples were kept by a waking Dragon that lay under the Tree: He having done this, bid Vandermast find out one that durst gather the Fruit. Then Vandermast did raise up the ghost of Hercules in his habit that he wore when that he was living, and with his Club on his shoulder; Here is one, said Vandermast, that

shall gather fruit from this Tree: this is Hercules, that in his life time gathered of this fruit and made the Dragon couch: and now again shall he gather in spight of all oppostion. As Hercules was going to pluck the fruit, Frier Bacon held up his hand, at which Hercules stayed and seemed fearful. Vandermast bid him for to gather of the fruit, or else he would torment him. Hercules was more fearful, and said, I cannot, nor dare not: for great Bacon stands, whose charms are far more powerful than thine, I must obey him, Vandermast. Hereat Vandermast curst Hercules, and threatned him: But Frier Bacon laughed and bid him not to chafe himself here that his journey was ended: for seeing (saith he) that Hercules will do nothing at your command, I will have him to do you some service at mine, with that he bid Hercules carry him home into Germany. The Devil obeyed him and took Vandermast on his back and went away with him in all their sights. Hold, Frier, cried the Ambassadour, I will not lose Vandermast for half my Land. Content your self, my Lord, answered Frier Bacon, I have but sent him home to see his wife, and ere long he may return. The King of England thanked Frier Bacon, and forced some gifts on him for his service that he had done for him: for Frier Bacon did so little respect money, that he never would take any thing of the King.

How Frier *Bacon* through his wisdom saved the endangered lives of three Brethren.

THe Peace being concluded between the King of England and the King of France: the King of England came again into his Country of England, where he was received very joyfully of all his Subjects: But in his absence had happened a discord between three Brethren, the like hath not been often heard. Thus it was,

A rich Gentleman of England died, and left behind him three Sons. Now for some reason (which was best known to himself) he appointed none of them by name to be his heir, but spake to them after this manner: You are all my sons, and I love you all as a Father should do, all alike, not one better than the other: and because I would always do rightly so neer as I can, I leave all my Lands and Goods to him that loves me best. These were the last words that he spake, concerning any worldly affairs.

After he was dead and buried, there arose a great controversie betwixt them who should inherit their Fathers Goods and Lands, every one pleading for himself, how that he loved his Father best. All the cunning Lawyers of the Kingdom could say nothing to the purpose concerning this case, so that they were inforced to beg of the King a grant for a combate, for they would not share the Lands and Goods amongst them, but every one desired all or else nothing. The King seeing no other way to end this controversie, granted a combate, the two elder being to fight first, and the Conqueror to fight with the youngest, and the survivor of them was to have the Land.

The day being come that was set for these Combatants, they all came in armed for the fight, Frier Bacon being there present, and seeing three such lusty young men like to perish, and that by their own flesh and blood, grieved very much, and went to the King, desiring his Majesty that he would stay the fight, and he would find a means without any blood-shed to end the matter: the King was very glad hereof, and caused the Combatants to be brought before him, to whom he said: Gentlemen, to save the blood of you all, I have found a way, and yet the controversie shall be ended, that is now amongst you. Are you contented to stand to his Judgment that I shall appoint? They all answered,

that they were. Then they were bid to return three days after. In that time Frier Bacon had caused the body of their deceased Father to be taken out of the ground, and brought to the Court: the body he did cause to be bound to a Stake, naked from the middle upwards, and likewise prepared three Bows and Shafts for the three brethren: all these kept he secretly.

The third day being come, came these three brethren, to whom Frier Bacon in the presence of the King, gave the three Bows and Shafts, saying, Be not offended at what I have done, there is no other way but this to judge your cause. See here is the body of your dead Father, shoot at him, for he that cometh nearest to his heart, shall have all the Lands and Goods.

The two elder prepared themselves, and shot at him, and stuck their Arrows in his breast. Then bid they the youngest to shoot: but he refused it, saying, I will rather lose all than wound that body that I so loved living: Had you ever had but half that love (in you) to him that I have, you would rather have had your own bodies mangled, than to suffer his lifeless corps thus to be used: nay, you do not only suffer it, but you are the Actors of this act of shame: and speaking this, he wept.

Frier Bacon seeing this, did give the Judgment on his side for he loved his Father best, and therefore had all his Lands and Goods: The other two Brothers went away with shame for what they had done. This deed of Frier Bacon was highly commended of all men: for he did not only give true Judgment, but also saved much blood that would have been shed, had they been suffered to have fought.

How Frier *Bacon* ſerved the Thieves that robbed him, and of the ſport that his man *Miles* had with them.

IT was repoꝛted about the Country, how that the King had giben Frier Bacon great ſtoꝛe of Treaſure. The repoꝛt of this wealth made thꝛee Thiebes plot to rob Frier Bacon's houſe, which they put in pꝛactice one ebening in this faſhion. They knockt at the dooꝛ, and were let in by Miles: No ſooner were they in, but they took hold of him, and led him into the houſe, and finding Frier Bacon there, they told him that they came foꝛ ſome mony, which they muſt and would habe ere they departed from thence. He told them that he was but ill ſtoꝛed with mony at that time, and theꝛefoꝛe deſired them to foꝛbear him till ſome other time: they anſwered him again that they knew that he had enough, and theꝛefoꝛe it was but folly to delay them, but ſtraight let them habe it by fair means, oꝛ elſe they would uſe that extremity to him that he would be loth to ſuffer. He ſeeing them ſo reſolute, told them that they ſhould habe all that he had, and gabe them one hundꝛed pounds a man. Herewith they ſeemed content, and would habe gone their ways. Nay, ſaid Frier Bacon, I pꝛay Gentlemen at my requeſt tarry a while, and hear ſome of my mans Muſick: you are hired reaſonable well already, I hope in courteſie you will not deny me ſo ſmall a requeſt: that will we not (ſaid they all.)

Miles thought now to habe ſome ſpoꝛt with them, which he had, and therefore played luſtily upon his Taber and Pipe; ſo ſoon as they heard him play (againſt their wills) they fell a dancing, and that after ſuch a laboꝛious manner, that they quickly wearied themſelbes (foꝛ they had all that while the bags of money in their hands.) Yet had Frier Bacon not rebenge enough of them, but bid his

man

man Miles lead them some larger measure as he thought fitting, which Miles did. Miles straight led them out of the house into the fields, they followed him dancing after a wild antick manner: Then he led them over a broad Dike full of water, and they followed him still, but not so good a way as he went (for he went over the Bridge, but they by reason of their dancing could not keep the Bridge, but fell off, and dancing through the water:) then led he them through a way where a Horse might very well have been up to the belly: they followed him, and were so durty, as though they had wallowed in the mire like Swine: Sometime he gave them rest onely to laugh at them. Then were they so sleepy, when he did not play, that they fell to the ground. Then on the sudden would he play again, and make them start up and follow him. Thus he kept them the better part of the night. At last he in pity left playing, and let them rest. They being asleep on the bare ground, he took their mony from them, and gave them this song for a farewell; To the tune of,

O do me no harm, good man.

You roaring Boys, and sturdy Thieves,
you Pimps, and Apple-squires:
Lament the case of these poor knaves:
and warm them by your fires.

They snortin lie like hogs in sty,
but hardly are so warm:
If all that cheat such hap should meet,
to true men 'twere no harm.

They money had, which made them glad,
their joy did not endure:
Were all Thieves served as these have been,
I think there would be fewer.

When

When that they awake, their hearts will ake,
to think upon their loſs:
And though the Gallowes they eſcape,
they go by weeping croſs.

Your Trulls expect your coming home
with full and heavy purſe,
When that they ſee 'tis nothing ſo,
oh how they'l raile and curſe!

For he that loves to keep a whore,
muſt have a giving hand,
Which makes a many knaves be choakt,
for biding true men ſtand.

They were ſcarce any thing the better for this Song, for they ſlept all the while. So Miles left them at their reſt, but they had ſmall cauſe to ſleep ſo ſoundly as they did, for they were more wet then ere was Scold with ducking. Miles gave his Maſter his money again, and told the ſtory of their merry pilgrimage: he laughed at it, and wiſht all men had the like power to ſerve all ſuch knaves in the like kind. The theeves waking in the morning and miſſing their money, and ſeeing themſelves in that plight, thought that they had been ſerved by ſome divine power, for robbing a Church-man, and therefore they ſwore one to the other, never to meddle with any Church-man again.

How *Vandermoſt*, for the diſgrace that he had received by Fryer *Bacon*,, ſent a ſouldier to kill him; and how Fryer *Bacon* eſcaped killing, and turned the Souldier from an Atheiſt to be a good Chriſtian.

FRyer Bacon ſitting one day in his Study, looked over all the dangers that were to happen to him that

Moneth, there found he, that in the second week of the moneth between Sun rising and setting, there was a great danger to fall on him, which would without great care of prevention, take away his life. This danger which he did so fore-see, was caused by the German Conjurer Vandermast, for he vowed a revenge for the disgrace that he had received. To excuse the same, he hired a Walloon Souldier, and gave him an hundred crowns to do the same, fifty beforehand, and fifty when he had killed him.

Fryer Bacon to save himself from this danger that was like to happen to him would always when that he read, hold a ball of Brass in his hand, and under that ball would be set a Bason of Brass, that if he did chance to sleep in his reading, the fall of the Ball out of his hand into the Bason, might wake him. Being one day in his study in this manner and asleep, the Walloon Souldier was got in to him, and had drawn his sword to kill him: but as he was ready to strike, down fell the Ball out of Fryer Bacons hand, and waked him.

He seeing the Souldier stand there with a sword drawn, asked him what he was? and wherefore he came there in that manner? The Souldier, boldly answered him thus. I am a Walloon, and a Souldier, and more than this, a villain: I am come hither, because I was sent; I was sent, because I was hired; I was hired, because I durst do it; the thing I should do is not done; the thing to be done, is to kill thee: thus have you heard what I am, and why I came.

Fryer Bacon wondred at this mans resolution: then asked he him who set him on work to be a Murderer. He boldly told him Vandermast the German Conjurer. Fryer Bacon then asked him, what Religion he was of? He answered, Of that which many do profess, the chief principles of which were these. To go to an Ale-house, and to a Church with one Devotion: To abstain from evil for want of Action, and to do good against their wills: It is a good profession for a Devil (said Fryer Bacon.) Doest thou believe Hell? I believe no such thing, answered the Souldier.

dier. Then will I ſhew the contrary, ſaid the Fryer: and preſently raiſed the Ghoſt of Julian the Apoſtate who came by with his body burning, and ſo full of wounds, that it almoſt did affright the Souldier out of his wits. Then Bacon did command this Spirit to ſpeak, and to ſhew what he was, and wherefore he was thus tormented? Then ſpake he to them in this manner; I ſometimes was a Roman Emperour. Some count greatneſs an happiuels: I had an happineſs beyond my Empire, had I kept that, I had been an happy man: would I had loſt my Empire when I loſt that. I was a Chriſtian, that was my happineſs, but my ſelf-lobe and pride, made me to fall from it: for which I now am puniſhed with never ceaſing torments, which I muſt ſtill endure: the like which I enjoy is now prepared for unbeliebing wretches like my ſelf; ſo baniſhed he away.

All this while the Souldier ſtood quaking, and ſweat as he had felt the torments himſelf, and falling down on his knees deſired Fryer Bacon to inſtruct him in a better courſe of life, than he had yet gone in. Fryer Bacon told him, that he ſhould not want his help in any thing, which he perform̃ed, inſtructing him better: Then gabe he him money and ſent him to the wars of the holy-land, where he was ſlain.

How Fryer *Bacon* deceived an old Uſurer.

NOt farr from Fryer Bacon, dwelt an old Man that had great ſtore of Money which he let out to Uſe, and would neber do any good with it to the poor, though Fryer Bacon had often put him in mind of it, and wiſhed him to do ſome good whileſt he lived. Fryer Bacon ſeeing this, by his Art made an Iron pot, which ſeemed full of gold; this being done he went to this rich

Usurer and told him that he had some gold which he had gathered in his time that he had lived, but it being much in quantity, he feared that if it were known, it would be taken from him, because it was unfitting a man of his Coat should have so much: Now he desired him that he would let him have some hundred pounds, which was not the first part of his gold, and he should keep it for him. The Usurer was glad to hear of this, and told him that he should have it, and that he should keep the gold as safe as he himself would: Fryer Bacon was glad to hear of this and presently fetcht the pot: at the sight of which the Usurer laught and thought to himself, how all that gold was his own, for he had a determination to guil the Fryer, but he gulled himself. See here is the gold (said Fryer Bacon) now let me have of you one hundred pounds and keep you this gold till I pay it back again; Very willing (said the Usurer) and told him one hundred pounds out, which Fryer Bacon took, and delivered him the pot and he went his way. This money did Fryer Bacon give to divers poor schollers, and other people, and bid them pray for old Good-gatherers souls health (so was the Usurer called) which these poor people did and would give him thanks and prayers when they met him, which he did wonder at: for he never deserved the prayers of any man. At last this old Good-gatherer went to look on his pot of gold, but in stead of gold he found nothing but earth, at which sight he would have died, had not his other gold hindred him, which he was to leave behind him; so gathering up his spirits, he went to Fryer Bacon and told him he was abused and cheated, for which he would have the Law of him, unless he made him restitution. Fryer Bacon told him that he had not cheated him, but been his faithful steward to the poor, which he could not chuse but know, either by their prayers or their thanks; and as for the Law he feared it not, but bid him do his worst. The old man seeing Fryer Bacons resolution went his way, and said, that hereafter he would be his own steward.

How

How *Miles*, Fryer *Bacons* man, did Conjure for meat, and got meat for himself and his Host.

Miles chanced one day upon some business, to go some six miles from home, and being loath to part with some company that he had, he was belated and could get but half way home that night: to save his purse he went to ones house that was his Masters acquaintance: but when he came: the good man of the house was not at home and the woman would not let him have lodging. Miles seeing such cold entertainment, wished that he had not troubled her, but being now there, he was loath to go any farther, and therefore with words he perswaded her for to give him lodging that night. She told him that she would willingly do it, if her husband were at home, but he being now out of Town, it would be to her discredit to lodge any man. You need not mistrust me (said Miles) for I have no thought to attempt your chastity: lock me in any place where there is a bed and I will not trouble you till to morrow that I rise. She thinking her husband would be angry if she should deny any of his friends so small a request, consented that he should lye there, if that he would be locked up: Miles was contented and presently went to bed, and she locked him into the Chamber where he lay.

Long had not he been a bed, but he heard the door open, with that he rose, and peeped through a chink of the partition, and saw an old man come in: This man set down his basket that he had on his arm, and gave the Woman of the house three or four sweet kisses, which made Miles his mouth run with water to see it: Then did he undo his basket, and pulled out of it a fat Capon ready rosted and bread; with a bottle of good old Sack, this gave he unto her, saying: Sweet-heart, hearing thy husband was out of Town, I thought good to visit thee, I am not come empty handed, but have brought

something to be merry withall: lay the cloath sweet Hony, and let us first to Banquet, and then to bed. She kindly thanked him, and presently did as he bid her: they were not scarce set at the Table, but her husband returning back knockt at the door. The woman hearing this was amazed, and knew not what to do with her old Lober: But loosing on her apron-strings, she straight found (as women use to do) a trick to put herself free from this fear: for she put her lober under the bed, the Capon and Bread she put under a Tub, the Bottle of wine she put behind the Chest, and then she did open the door, and with a dissembling kiss welcomed her husband home, asking him the reason why that he returned so quickly. He told her that he had forgot the money that he should have carried with him, but on the morrow betimes he would be gone. Miles saw and heard all this, and having a desire to tast of the Capon and the Wine, called to the good man. He asked his wife who that was? She told him, an acquaintance of his, that entreated lodging there that night. He bid her open the door, which she did, and let Miles out. He seeing Miles there, bid him welcome, and bad his wife set them some meat on the Table: she told him that there was not any ready, but prayed him to keep his stomach till to morrow, and then she would provide them a good breakfast. Since it is so Miles (said the good man) we must rest content, and sleep out our hunger, Nay stay, said Miles, if that you can eat, I can find you good meats: I am a Scholler and have some Art. I would fain see it (said the Good man) You shall, quoth Miles, and that presently: With that Miles pulled forth a Book out of his bosom, and began his Conjuration in this fashion.

From the fearful Lake below,
From whence Spirits come and go,
Straightway come one and attend
Fryer Bacons man and friend.

Comes

Comes there none yet, quoth Miles? Then I must use some other Charm.

Now the Owle is flown abroad,
For I hear the croaking Toad;
And the Bat that shuns the day,
Through the dark doth make her way.
Now the ghosts of men do rise,
And with fearful hideous cryes,
Seek revengement (from the good)
On their heads that spilt that blood:
Come some Spirit quick I say,
Night's the Devils Holy-day:
Where ere you be in dens or lake,
In the Ivie, Ewe, or Brake:
Quickly come and me attend,
That am *Bacons* man and friend.
But I will have you take no shape
Of a Bear, a Horse, or Ape:
Nor will I have you terrible,
And therefore come invisible.

Now he is come (quoth Miles) and therefore tell me what meat you will have mine host? any thing, Miles (said the good man) what thou wilt. Why then (said Miles) what say you to a Capon? I love it above all meat (said the good man.) Why then a Capon you shall have, and that a good one too. Remo my Spirit that I have raised to do me service, I charge thee, seek and search about the earth, and bring me hither straight the best of Capons ready roasted. Then stood he still a little, as though he had attended the coming of his Spirit, and on the suddain said: It is well done Remo, he hath brought me (mine host) a fat Capon from the King of Tripolis own Table, and bread with it. I but where is it, Miles? (said the host) I see neither Spirit nor Capon. Look under the Tub (quoth Miles) and

there

there you shall find it. He presently did and brought (to his wifes grief) the Capon and Bread out. Stay (quoth Miles) we do yet want some drink, that is comfortable and good: I think (mine Host) a Bottle of Malegoe Sack were not amiss. I will have it; Bemo hast thee to Malligo, and fetch me from the Governor, a Bottle of his best Sack.

The poor woman thought that he would have betrayed her and her lover, and therefore wished that he had been hanged when that he came first into her house. He having stood a little while, as before said: well done Bemo, look behind the great Chest (mine Host) He did so, and brought out the Bottle of Sack; Now (quoth he) Miles sit down and welcome, to thine own cheer: You may see wife (quoth he) what a man of Art can do, get a fat Capon and a bottle of good Wine in a quarter of an hour, and for nothing which is best of all: Come (good wife) sit down and be merry: for all this is paid for, I thank Miles.

She sate and could not eat a bit for anger, but wished that every bit they did eat might choak them: Her old Lover too that lay under the bed all this while, was ready to bepiss himself for fear, for he still looked when that Miles would discover him.

When they had eaten and drunk well, the good man desired Miles that he would let him see the Spirit that fetched them this good cheer: Miles seemed unwilling, telling him that it was against the Laws of Art, to let an illiterate man see a Spirit, but yet for once he would let him see it: and told him withal; he must open the Door and soundly beat the Spirit, or else he should be troubled hereafter with it. And because he should not fear it, he would put it into the shape of some one of his neighbours.

The good-man told him, that he need not to doubt his valour, he would beat him soundly, and to that purpose he took a good Cudgel in his hand, and did

stand

ſtand ready for him. Miles then went to the bed ſide, under which the old man lay, and began to Conjure him with theſe words.

Bemo quickly come appear,
Like an old man that dwels near;
Quickly riſe, and in his ſhape,
From this houſe make thy eſcape;
Quickly riſe, or elſe I ſwear,
Ile put thee in a worſer fear.

The old man ſeeing no remedy, but that he muſt needs come forth, put a good face on it, and roſe from under the Bed: Behold my Spirit (quoth Miles) that brought me all that you have had. Now be as good as your word and ſwaddle him ſoundly. I proteſt (ſaid the Goodman) your Devil is as like Goodman Stumpe the Tooth-drawer, as a Pomewater is like an Apple. Is it poſſible that your Spirit can take other mens ſhapes? Ile teach this to keep his own ſhape: With that, he did beat the old man ſoundly, ſo that Miles was fain to take him off, and put the old man out of Doors; ſo after ſome laughing, to bed they all went: but the woman could not ſleep for grief, that her old Lover had had ſuch hard uſage for her ſake.

How Fryer Bacon did help a young man to his Sweet-heart, which Fryer Bungey would have married to another; and of the mirth that was at the wedding.

AN Oxfordſhire Gentleman had long time loved a fair Maid, called Milliſant; this love of his was as kindly received of her, as it was freely given of

 him,

him, so that there wanted nothing to the finishing of their joyes, but the consent of her Father, who would not grant that she should be his wife (though formerly he had been a means to further the match) by reason there was a Knight that was a Sutor to her, and did desire that he might have her to his wife: But this Knight could never get from her the least token of good will: So surely was her love fixed upon the Gentleman.

This Knight seeing himself thus dispised, went to Fryer Bungey, and told him his mind, and did promise him a good piece of Money, if he could get her for him, either by Art or Counsel.

Bungey (being covetous (told him, that there was no better way in his mind, than to get her with her Father to go take the air in a Coach; and if he could do so, he would by his Art so direct the Horses, that they should come to an old Chappel, where he would attend, and there they might secretly be married.

The Knight rewarded him for his counsel, and told him, that if it took effect, he would be more bountiful unto him: And presently went to her Father, and told him of this. He liked well of it, and forced the poor Maid to ride with them. So soon as they were in the Coach, the horses run presently to the Chappel, where they found Fryer Bungey attending for them: At the sight of the Church and the Priest, the poor Maid knew that she was betrayed, so that for grief she fell in a swound, to see which, her Father and the Knight were very much griebed, and used their skill for her recovery.

In this time, her best Belobed the Gentleman, did come to her Fathers to visit her, but finding her not there, and hearing that she was gone with her Father and the Knight, he mistrusted some foul play, and in all hast went to Fryer Bacon, and desired of him some help to recover his Love again whom he feared was utterly lost.

Fryer

Fryer Bacon (knowing him for a vertuous Gentleman) pityed him: and to give his griefs some release, shewed him a Glass, wherein any one might see any thing done (within fifty miles space) that they desired: So soon as he looked in the Glass, he saw his Love Millisant with her Father, and the Knight, ready to be married by Fryer Bungey: At the sight of this he cryed out that he was undone, for now should he lose his life in losing of his Love. Fryer Bacon bids him take comfort for he would prevent the Marriage: So taking this Gentleman in his Arms, he let himself down in the inchanted Chair, and suddenly they were carried through the air to the Chappel. Just as they came in, Fryer Bungey was joyning their hands to marry them: But Fryer Bacon spoyled his speech, for he struck him dumb, so that he could not speak a word.

Then raised he such a great Mist in the Chappel, so that neither the Father could see his Daughter, nor the Daughter her Father, nor the Knight either of them. Then took he Millisant by the hand, and led her to the Man she most desired: They both wept for joy, that they so happily once more had met; and kindly thanked Fryer Bacon.

It greatly pleased Fryer Bacon to see the passion of these two Lovers, and seeing them both contented, he married them at the Chappel door whilst her Father, the Knight, and Fryer Bungey went groping within, and could not find the way out. Now when he had married them, he bid them get lodging at the next Village, and he would send his Man with money: (for the Gentleman was not stored, and he had a great way to his house (they did as he had them.

That night he sent his Man Miles with money to them; but he kept her Father, the Knight, and Fryer Bungey till the next day at noon in the Chappel, ere he released them.

The Gentleman and his new married wife made that night a great Supper for joy of their Marriage, and bid to it much of the Village: They wanted nothing but Musick, for which they made great moan. This want Fryer Bacon (though he was absent) supplyed: for after supper there came such a Mask, that the like was never seen in that Village: For first, there was heard most sweet still Musick, then wild Musick, then came three Apes, and three Munkeys, each of them carrying a Torch. After them followed six Apes and Munkeys more, all dressed in Antick Coats: these last six fell a dancing in such an odd manner, that they moved all the beholders to much laughter: so after divers Antick changes, they did reverence to the Bridegroom and Bride, and so departed in order as they came in.

They all did marvel from whence these should come: But the Bridegroom knew that it was Fryer Bacons Art that gave them this grace to their wedding.

When all this was done; to Bed they went, and enjoyed their wishes. The next day he went home to his own house with his Bride; and for the cost he had bestowed on them, most part of the Townes-folk brought them on their way.

Miles made one amongst them too; he for his Masters sake was so plyed with Cups, that he in three dayes was scarce sober: For his welcome, at his departure he gave them this Song: To the tune of,

I have been a Fidler, &c.

And did you not hear of a mirth that befell,
The morrow after a wedding day,
At carrying a Bride at home to dwell,
and way to Twiver, away, away.

The Quintin was ſet, and the Garlands were made,
'tis pity old cuſtoms ſhould ever decay:
And woe be to him that was horſt on a Jade,
for he carryed no credit away, away.

We met a Conſort of Fiddle dedees,
we ſet them a cockhorſe, and made them to play,
The winning of Bullen, and Upſyfrees,
and away to Twiver, away, away.

There was ne'er a Lad in all the Pariſh,
that would go to Plow that day:
But on his fore-horſe his Wench he carries,
and away to Twiver, away, away.

The Butler was quick, and the Ale he did rap,
the Maydens did make the Chamber full gay:
The Serving men gave me a fudling Cap,
and I did carry it away, away.

The Smith of the Town his liquor ſo took,
that he was perſuaded the ground look'd blue,
And I dare boldly ſwear on a Book,
Such Smiths as he there be but a few.

A Poſſet was made, and the women did ſip,
and ſimpering ſaid they could eat no more:
Full many a Maid was laid on the lip,
Ile ſay no more, but ſo give ore.

They kindly thanked Miles for his Song, and ſo ſent him home with a For at his tale. His Maſter asked him, where he had been ſo long; he told him, at the Wedding. I know it (ſaid Fryer Bacon) that thou haſt been there, and I know alſo (thou beaſt) that thou haſt been every day drunk. That is the worſt that

you can say by me, Master, for still poor men must be drunk, if that they take a Cup more than ordinary, but it is not so with the rich. Why, how is with the rich then? I will tell you (said Miles) in few words.

Lawyers they are sick,
And Fryers are ill at ease,
But poor men they are drunk
And all is one disease.

Well Sirrah (said Fryer Bacon) let me not hear that you are infected any more with this disease, lest I give you sower sawce to your sweat meat. Thus did Fryer Bacon help these two Lovers, who in short time got the love of the old man, and lived in great joy: Fryer Bungey his tongue was again let loose, and all were friends.

How *Vandermast* and Fryer *Bungey* met, and how they strived who should excell one another in their Conjurations, and of their deaths.

VAndermast thinking that Fryer Bacon had been dead, came into England, and in Kent met with Fryer Bungey; He owing him no good will for Fryer Bacons sake, took his Horse out of the Stable, and in stead of it left a Spirit like unto it. Fryer Bungey in the morning rose, and mounting this Spirit (which he thought he had been his Horse) rode on his journey: But he riding thorow a Water, was left in the middest of it by this Spirit, and being thus wet, he returned to his Inn.

At the Inn-Door Vandermast met him, and asked him

him, if that were swimming time of the year? Bungey told him, If that he had been so well boxed as he was, when Fryer Bacon sent him into Germany he might have escaped that washing. At this Vandermast bit his lip, and said no more, but went in. Bungey thought that he would be even with him, which was in this manner. Vandermast loved a Wench well, which was in the house, and sought many times to win her with gold, love or promises. Bungey knowing this, did shape a Spirit like the Wench, which he sent to Vandermast.

Vandermast appointed the Spirit (thinking it had been the Wench) to come to his Chamber that night, and was very joyful that he should enjoy her now at the last: But this joy turned into sorrow, and his wanton hopes into a bad nights lodging: For Fryer Bungey had by his Art spread such a sheet on his Bed, that no sooner was he laid with the Spirit on it, but it was carried through the air, and let fall into a deep Pond, where Vandermast had been drowned, if he had not had the Art of swimming: He got quickly out of the Pond, and shaked himself like a rough Water Spaniel: But being out, he was as much vexed as before, for he could not tell the way home, but was glad to keep himself in heat with walking.

Next day when he came to his Inn, Fryer Bungey asked him how he did like his Wench? He said, so well, that he wished him such another. Bungey told him that his Order did forbid him the use of any; and therefore he might keep them for his friends: Thus did they continually vex each other, both in words, and ill actions. Vandermast desiring to do Fryer Bungey a mischief, did challenge him the field (not to fight at Sword and Dagger, single Rapier, or case of Pompards, but at worser weapons far, it was that Diabolical Art of Magick) there to shew which of them was most cunning,

ning or had most power over the Devil: Bungey accepted of his challenge, and both provided themselves of things belonging to the Art, and to the field they went.

There they both spread their Circles some hundred feet from one another: and after some other Ceremonies did Vandermast begin: He by his Charms did raise up a fiery Dragon, which did run about Fryer Bungles Circle, and did scoarch him with his heat. so that he was almost ready to melt. Fryer Bungey tormented Vandermast, in another Element: for he raised up the Sea-monster that Perseus killed when he did redeem the fair Andromeda. This Sea-monster did run about Vandermast, and such floods of water he did send out of his wide mouth, that Vandermast was almost drowned. Then did Fryer Bungey raise a Spirit up like Saint George, who fought with the Dragon, and killed it: Vandermast (following his example) raised up Perseus, who fought also with the Sea-monster, and killed it: So were they both released from their danger.

They being not contented with this tryal of their skill, went further in there Conjurations and raised up two Spirits, each of them one. Bungey charged his Spirit for to assist him with his greatest power he had, that by it he might be able to overcome Vandermast. The Devil told him he would, if that he from his left Arm would give him but three drops of blood: But if that he did deny him that, then should Vandermast have power over him to do what he would: the like told Vandermasts Devil to him: To this demand of the spirits, they both agreed, thinking for to overcome each other; but the Devil overthrew them both.

They having given the Devil this blood, as is before spoken of, they both fell again to their Conjurations: first, Bungey did raise Achilles with his Greeks, who marched about Vandermast, and threatned him. Then

Vandermast

Vandermaſt raiſed Hector with his Trojans, who deſended him from Achilles and the Greeks. Then began there a great battle between the Greeks and Trojans, which continued a good ſpace. At laſt Hector was ſlain, and the Trojans fled. Then did follow a great tempeſt, with thundring and lightning, ſo that the two Conjurers wiſhed that they had been away. But wiſhes were in vain, for now the time was come that the Devil would be paid for the knowledge that he had lent them, he would tarry no longer, but then took them in the height of their wickedneſs, and bereft them of their lives.

When the Tempeſt was ended, (which did greatly affright the Towns thereby) the towneſ-men found the bodies of theſe two men (Vandermaſt and Bungey) breathleſs, and ſtrangely burnt with fire. The one had Chriſti an burial becauſe of his Order ſake: the other, becauſe he was a ſtranger. Thus was the end of theſe two famous Conjurers.

How *Miles* would conjure for Money, and how he broke his leg for fear.

MIles one day finding his Maſters ſtudy open, ſtole out of it one of his conjuring Books; with this book would Miles needs Conjure for ſome Money: for he ſaw that his Maſter had Money enough, and he deſired the like, which did make him bold to trouble one of his Maſters Devils.) In a private place he thought it beſt to do it: Therefore he went up to the top of the houſe, and there began to read: Long had he not read, but a Devil came to him in an ugly ſhape and asked him what he would have? Miles being affrighted, could not ſpeak, but ſtood quaking there like an Aſpin-leaf: the Devil, ſeeing him ſo, (to increaſe his fear) raiſed a tem-

peſt, and hurled fire about, which made Miles leap from off the Leads, and with the fall broke his leg.

Fryer Bacon hearing this noiſe, ran forth, and found his man Miles on the ground, and the Devil hurling fire on the houſe top. First laid he the Devil again, then went he to his man, and asked him how he got this broken leg? He told him that his Devil did it: for he had frighted him, and made him leap off from the houſe top. What didſt thou there? (ſaid his Maſter.) I went to conjure, Sir, (ſaid Miles) for money, but I have gotten nothing but a broken leg; and I now muſt beg for money to cure that, if you be not the more pitiful to me.

I have oftentimes given you warning not to meddle with my Books (ſaid his Maſter) and yet you will ſtill be doing: Take heed, you had beſt, how you deal with the Devil again, for he that had power to break your leg, will break your neck, if you again do meddle with him: for this I do forgive you, for your leg breaking hath paid for your ſawcineſs, and though I gave you not a broken head, I will give you a plaiſter, and ſo ſent him to the Chirurgeons.

How two young Gentlemen that came to Fryer *Bacon* to know how their Fathers did, killed one another, and how Fryer *Bacon* for grief did break his rare Gl ſs, wherein he could ſee any thing that was done within fifty miles about him.

IT is ſpoken of before now, that Fryer Bacon had a Glaſs, which was of that excellent nature, that any man might behold any thing that he deſired to ſee, within the compaſs of fifty miles round about him: With this Glaſs he had pleaſured divers kinds of people; for Fathers did oftentimes deſire to ſee (thereby) how their Children did, and Children how their Parents

rents did, one friend how another did, and one Enemy (sometimes) how his Enemies did; so that from farr they would come to see this wonderful Glass.

It happened one day that there came to him two young Gentlemen, (that were Countrymen, and Neighbours Children) for to know of him by his Glass, how their Fathers did: he being no niggard of his cunning, let them see his Glass, wherein they straight beheld their wishes, which they (through their own follies) bought at their lives losses as you shall hear.

The fathers of these two Gentlemen, (in their sons absence) were become great foes; this hatred between them was grown to that height, that whersoever they met, they had not only words but blows.

Just at that time, as it should seem, that their sons were looking to see how they were in health, they were met and had drawn, and were together by the ears.

Their Sons seeing this, (and having been always great friends) knew not what to say to one another, but beheld each other with angry looks: At last one of their Fathers as they might perceive in the Glass, had a fall, and the other taking advantage, stood over him ready to strike him. The Son of him that was down, could then contain himself no longer, but told the other young man, that his Father had received wrong. He answered again, that it was fair. At last there grew such foul words between them, and there bloods were so heated, that they presently stab'd one another with their daggers, and so fell down dead.

Fryer Bacon seeing them fall ran to them, but it was too late; for they were breathless ere he came. This made him to grieve exceedingly: he judging that they had recived the cause of their deaths by this his Glass, took the Glass in his hand, and uttered words to this effect.

Wretched Bacon, wretched in thy knowledg, in thy understanding wretched, for thy Art hath been the ruine

of these two Gentlemen. Had I been busied in those holy things which mine Order tyes me to. I had not had that time that made this wicked Glass: Wicked I well may call it, that is the causer of so vile an Act; would it were sensible, then should it feel my wrath, but being as it is I'le ruine it for ruining of them: and with that he broke his rare and wonderful Glass, whose like the whole world had not. In this grief of his, there came news to him of the Deaths of Vandermast and Fryer Bungey. This did increase his grief, and made him so sorrowful, that in three days he would not eat any thing but kept his Chamber.

How Fryar *Bacon* burnt his Books of Magick, and gave himself to the study of Divinity only, and how he turned Anchorite.

IN the time that Fryer Bacon kept his Chamber, he fell into divers meditations: Sometimes into the vanity of Arts and Sciences: then would he condemn himself for studying of those things that were so contrary to his Order, and souls health, and would say, that Magick made a man a Devil; sometimes would he meditate on Divinity; then would he cry out upon himself for neglecting the study of it, and for studying Magick sometimes would he meditate on the shortness of mans life, then would he condemn himself for spending a time so short, so ill as he had done his: So would he go from one thing to another, and in all condemn his former studies.

And that the world should know how truly he did repent his wicked life: he caused a great fire to be made, and sending for many of his Friends, Scholars, and others, he spake to them after this manner: My good Friends and fellow Students, it is not unknown unto you, how that through my Art I have attained to that credit

dit, that few men living ever had: Of the wonders that I have done all England can speak, both King and Commons: I have unlocked the secrets of Art of Nature, and let the world see those things, that have lain hid ever since the death of Hermes, that rare and profound Philosopher: My studies have found the secrets of the Stars, the Books that I have made of them do serve for Presidents to our greatest Doctors, so excellent hath my Judgment been therein.

I likewise have found out the secrets of Trees, Plants, and Stones, with their several uses; yet all this knowledge of mine I esteem so lightly, that I wish that I were ignorant, and knew nothing; for the knowledge of these things (as I have truly found) serveth not to better a man in goodness, but only to make him proud, and think too well of himself. What hath all my knowledge of Natures secrets gained me? Only this, the loss of a better knowledge, the loss of divine Studies, which makes the immortal part of man (his soul) blessed.

I have found that my knowledge hath been a heavy burthen, and hath kept down my good thoughts: but I will remove the cause, which are these Books; which I do purpose here before you all to burn. They all intreated him to spare the Books, because in them there were those things that after ages might receive great benefit by. He would not hearken unto them, but threw them all into the fire, and in that flame burnt the greatest learning in the world.

Then did he dispose of all his goods, some part he gave to poor Scholars, and some he gave to other poor folkes nothing left he for himself. Then caused he to be made in the Church wall a cell; where he locked himself in, and there remained to his death. His time he spent in Prayer, Meditation, and such Divine exercises, and did seek by all means to perswade men from the study of Magick.

Thus lived he some two years space in that Cell, neber coming forth; his meat and drink he received in at a window, and at that window he did discourse with those that came to him, his grabe he digged with his own nails, and was laid there when he died. Thus was the Life and Death of this famous Fryer, who lived most part of his life a Magician, and died a true penitent Sinner, and an Anchorite.

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